

The New Era.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. IX. NO. 6.

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 422.

Business Directory.

John T. Stokes,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits of Oath of Queen's Bench for the Counties of York and Peel, Conveyancer, &c., &c., &c.
June 2, 1859. 11-16

W. HOSLEY,
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Commissioner for the Queen's Bench.
Office at Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25th May, 1859. 11-17

J. SUTTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-
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Newmarket, September 9, 1859. 11-32

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Newmarket, March 26, 1859. 11-10

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Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,
MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET.
Orders executed
Newmarket, Feb. 1, 1859. 11-25

DR. BENTLEY,
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NEWMARKET.
Office—Water Street, east of Main Street.
Feb. 23, 1859. 11-3

RAILROAD HOTEL,
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THE proprietor having refurnished the above
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JAS. FORSYTH,
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. 11-37

NEWMARKET IRON FOUNDRY.

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A number of SUGAR KETTLES,
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Newmarket, February 18, 1859. 11-1

UNITY FIRE UNIT
GENERAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATIONS,
OF ENGLAND,
Capital, £2,600,000 Sterling.
W. MAISEN,
Agent Newmarket.
Oct. 23, 1858.

H. M. FARVIE,
Barrister and Solicitor in Chancery,
VICTORIA BUILDING, TORONTO.

BRANCH OFFICE in Newmarket conducted by J.
L. GARDNER, Esq.
Newmarket, Feb. 24, 1859. 11-130

Bricks Bricks!
THE Subscriber offers for sale the AURORA
Brick Yard.
C. C. BROWN,
Orangeville, Quality, White and Red, at re-
duced prices.

C. MOSLEY,
Land agent, Conveyancer &c., &c., &c.
Aurora, June 10, 1859. 11-18

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CHAS. BREKID, Proprietor.

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July 7, 1859.

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TRAINS leave Union Station at follows:

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Poetry.

DEPARTED HOURS.

While thinking of departed hours,
Of days long, long since fled,
Of loving friends once dear to me,
Now numbered with the dead,
I also think of others, too,
Who have my sad bosom torn,
Who cast a withering blight on me,
And strewed my way with thorns.

Trifles they seemed, perhaps, to those
Who eared such a part—
Who mused the peace, ah! I and to tell
Of my once trusting heart.
The flowers of my earliest days
Were blighted ere they bloomed;
The joys I vainly sought to gain,
Were lost with sudden gloom.

And yet I wander on and on,
Through this dreary wild,
Where clouds their darkening shadows cast,
O'er my poor, my poor child.
My heart is light as air—
Of hope without alloy,
And pleasure without pain.

Literature.

Clarice Dalton.

"But mother, do let me go; I've been in
mourning two years. It's unreasonable of
you to expect me to keep myself shut up any
longer." And the young lady's bright dark
eyes kindled with determination, as, planting
a little foot firmly on the floor, she muttered,
"I will go!"

"It is true, Clarice," said her mother, who
was dressed in deep mourning, "that you are
old enough to take care of yourself, as you
say; but I doubt if it would be prudent in me
to trust my child to the care of a gentleman
I have never met, and of whom I know
nothing save what Mrs. Fitzroy says of
whom's opinion, by the way, I never thought
much."

"Mother, he is the most perfect gentleman;
and as to trusting me with him, I'm not a
baby, and—"

"Clarice," interrupted the lady "if I could
go with you, or if your aunt was well enough,
I should not object; but, my dear child, I
love you too well to expose you to any dan-
ger; and however fascinating Mr. Elmont
may be to you, remember you do not know
him. It is my wish, my daughter, that you
remain at home with your aunt while I am
gone to Wilton. See that you do not dis-
regard it." And the lady left the room, say-
ing as she closed the door, "make haste, Clarice,
I shall wait for you."

"I don't want to go out with mother this
morning," soliloquized Clarice, as soon as she
was left alone. "I shouldn't wonder if Mr.
Elmont were to call while I was gone. I
won't! I'll stay at home! and she rose as
she spoke and pulled the bell sharply. "Em-
ma," said she, as her maid appeared, "tell
emma that I'm going to practice this morn-
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So Mrs. Dalton, disappointed at her daugh-
ter's disinclination to accompany her, went out
alone; thinking as she stepped into her car-
riage, Clarice is not so amiable as she once
was, and I'm afraid she does not love her
mother as much.

Mr. Dalton had died two years before, leav-
ing his property, which was considerable,
unrecovered to his widow and child. Clarice
was at school at the time, but as she was
completing the last term, her mother deemed
it advisable that she should not return until
its expiration.

Clarice was naturally an open-hearted and
affectionate girl, but self-willed and impetuous.
Many a heavy word had been sorrowed over
with bitter tears, as having caused pain to
those she loved best. On this morning she
was in anything but an amiable mood. Her
mother's refusal had excited all the rebellion
which lay dormant in her nature. Ah! could
she have foreseen the bitter fruits it would
bear. She sat down to the piano, but her
thoughts wandered from the music and her
fingers from the keys, so she rose and sauntered
through the parlors and out into the con-
servatory where in fragrant profusion bloomed
the choicest exotics. She stopped before a
beautiful camellia, the unfolding of whose
petals she had watched every day with interest.
It was to gleam in its purity among the raven
tresses on the night of the forbidden ball. Her
mind wandered as she stood there; her eyes
fixed on the snowy blossom whose very purity
awakened the half-formed resolution, "I
think—I'll do it!" But no, she resolutely
walked away, and seating herself by one of
the windows of the front parlor was evidently
watching for some one.

At last she remembered her aunt, who,
lonely and ill, lay on her sick bed upstairs.
How could it be so forgetful, she thought, as
she tripped lightly up the broad stairs. "Nellie
pacing gently at the door, she said, 'Aunt Nellie,
may I come in?'

"Yes, Nellie," said a voice from within. "O,
I'm so glad you've come, Clarice dear," as the
young girl leaned over her for a kiss, "I'm
very dull here by myself, I think I shall get
up and come down stairs."

"The speaker was a beautiful but exceedingly
delicate looking lady, apparently not more
than twenty-five years. She was Mrs. Dal-
ton's youngest sister, and, like her, a widow.
It was feared that her health, always delicate,
had now become hopelessly so. She had no
children, and her love for Clarice resembled
that of an elder sister, while the young girl
felt for her all the warm love of her affection-
ate disposition.

"I ought to have come before, Nellie dear,"
said Clarice, carelessly stroking her aunt's
sick brown hair; "but I've been cross all the
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"What put your ladyship out of temper,"
laughed aunt Nellie, amused with the comical
look which accompanied the confession.

"Oh, it's not much, after all," replied Clarice,
fidgeting with her aunt's watch, which lay
by her; "only mother doesn't want me to go
to the ball."

"Who was to chaperon you, Clarice?"

"There was a deep blush on her cheek as she
answered, "Mr. Elmont, Auntie."

"What! the gentleman Louise speaks so
much about?" queried the lady.

"Yes, she would give anything to know him,
but he took no notice of her, after they were
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"But, Clarice, your mother was speaking to

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lonely and ill, lay on her sick bed upstairs.
How could it be so forgetful, she thought, as
she tripped lightly up the broad stairs. "Nellie
pacing gently at the door, she said, 'Aunt Nellie,
may I come in?'

"Yes, Nellie," said a voice from within. "O,
I'm so glad you've come, Clarice dear," as the
young girl leaned over her for a kiss, "I'm
very dull here by myself, I think I shall get
up and come down stairs."

"The speaker was a beautiful but exceedingly
delicate looking lady, apparently not more
than twenty-five years. She was Mrs. Dal-
ton's youngest sister, and, like her, a widow.
It was feared that her health, always delicate,
had now become hopelessly so. She had no
children, and her love for Clarice resembled
that of an elder sister, while the young girl
felt for her all the warm love of her affection-
ate disposition.

"I ought to have come before, Nellie dear,"
said Clarice, carelessly stroking her aunt's
sick brown hair; "but I've been cross all the
morning, and you know—"

"What put your ladyship out of temper,"
laughed aunt Nellie, amused with the comical
look which accompanied the confession.

"Oh, it's not much, after all," replied Clarice,
fidgeting with her aunt's watch, which lay
by her; "only mother doesn't want me to go
to the ball."

"Who was to chaperon you, Clarice?"

"There was a deep blush on her cheek as she
answered, "Mr. Elmont, Auntie."

"What! the gentleman Louise speaks so
much about?" queried the lady.

"Yes, she would give anything to know him,
but he took no notice of her, after they were
introduced."

"But, Clarice, your mother was speaking to

Poetry.

DEPARTED HOURS.

While thinking of departed hours,
Of days long, long since fled,
Of loving friends once dear to me,
Now numbered with the dead,
I also think of others, too,
Who have my sad bosom torn,
Who cast a withering blight on me,
And strewed my way with thorns.

Trifles they seemed, perhaps, to those
Who eared such a part—
Who mused the peace, ah! I and to tell
Of my once trusting heart.
The flowers of my earliest days
Were blighted ere they bloomed;
The joys I vainly sought to gain,
Were lost with sudden gloom.

And yet I wander on and on,
Through this dreary wild,
Where clouds their darkening shadows cast,
O'er my poor, my poor child.
My heart is light as air—
Of hope without alloy,
And pleasure without pain.

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